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Acon

Plying the sea craft,
Came on it.

Thus to sea god
Cometh gift of sea wreck;
I Hermonax offer it,
To thee, Ino,
And to Palemon.

ACON

After Johannes Baptista Amaliheus

I.

Bear me to Dictaeus,
And to the steep slopes;
To the river Erymanthus.

I choose spray of dittany,
Cyperum frail of flower,
Buds of myrrh,
All-healing herbs,
Close pressed in Kalathoi.

For she lies panting,
Drawing sharp breath,
Broken with harsh sobs,
She, Hyella,
Whom no god pitieth.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

II.

Dryads
Haunting the groves,
Nereids
Who dwell in wet caves,
For all the whitish leaves of olive-branch,
And early roses,
And ivy wreaths, woven gold berries,
Which she once brought to your altars,
Bear now ripe fruits from Arcadia,
And Assyrian wine
To shatter her fever.

The light of her face falls from its flower,
As a hyacinth,
Hidden in a far valley,
Perishes upon burnt grass.

Palles,
Bring gifts,
Bring you Phoenician stuffs,
And do you, fleet-footed nymphs,
Bring offerings,
Illyrian iris,
And a branch of shrub,
And frail-headed poppies.

H. D.